

THE COLLEGIAN



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NO. 1

INDIAN SUMMER

Behold! Resplendent Indian Summer comes again,
And beckons Nature to don cheerful gear:
To lend fresh beauty to the aging year
She pours out colours on the trees like rain,
Bestows new life on flowers lest they wane,
Makes royal banquet—feasts the mind and heart:
There's time for play then, while this merry queen
doth reign;
For well we reckon, too soon she must depart!
Before us Spring hath gone—a sprightly bird—
Ere long came Summer with her gay delights,
Her long warm days, her mellow, moon-lit nights;
Now she gives place to Autumn without word.
Old Sol smiles on the world with kindly beam,
For once more Indian Summer reigns supreme.

Cornelius Flynn, '29.

TAGORE, THE ANGLO-INDIAN

The mysterious canvas in which India has enshrouded her people is painted with countless figures that suggest wonderful enigmas. To solve these enigmas was the work of Tagore, a scholar of whom India may justly be proud, for his scholarship is not excelled by the best writers of past or present time. By the aid of his pen, the modern reader has been enabled to understand the mind of the Hindu people—a people whose mind has been a puzzle to westerners for centuries. Very fortunately, therefore, India has been given a man who in language and nationality is her own child, yet, who is as familiar with English speech as if he were a real son of Britain. It is through Tagore's skillful use of the English language, as through a limpid crystal, that large numbers of western people find it possible to see with ease what thoughts, feelings and emotions entered into the make-up of Hindu ideals.

Certainly there is much that English-speaking people will necessarily fail to perceive when reading mere translations or imitations of Eastern and particularly of Hindu literature. Even the beautiful versions of poems, such as have come to the reading public from the pens of Sir Edwin Arnold or of Edward Fitzgerald, though experts give assurance that these translations approach the sense of the originals with rare closeness, leave a wide gap between the native beauty which is naturally theirs and the borrowed beauty which has come to them in the process of translation. It cannot be otherwise inasmuch as every nation is individualistic in the ideas which it associates with

the words of its language; in the connotations and images which it indulges, all of which matters fall short of being understood unless the reader possesses a knowledge of the language and customs of the people whose literature he reads. Tagore, therefore, deserves loud acclamations of praise for what he has done to give the English-reading public a direct and first-hand glance into the workings of the Hindu mind by phrasing his own works in English of rare perfection.

Hereditary influence lends much to the genius of Tagore. Only a brief sketch of his life will be required to make this fact plain. He is a Bengalese and belongs to a very wealthy Brahmin family renowned for centuries because of its culture. At the age of twenty-three Tagore was married, and from that time until he was forty-one he managed the family estate called "Abode of Peace" on the river Ganges. The Eastern Seer is now a superintendent—no, not of a hydro-electric plant—but of his own school, and in this capacity, it must be stated to his credit, he gathers whatever suggestions of value there may be found in European educational experiments. His remarkable achievements have merited the Nobel Prize in 1913.

In choice of subjects and in selection of images Tagore uniformly holds to a surprising simplicity in all his productions, a simplicity that produces a sensation on the reader similar to that which results from listening to the strains of a dying waltz. Like Horace and Longfellow, he is the poet of the commonplace. It may be said that to him, "The birds and beasts confide their secrets, and that the stones of the field are in league with him."

As a lyrist he is quite as clever as is M. Clinton Scholard, and as a playwright he is in every respect equal to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. There is grace in his love songs; there is a smooth, quiet passion in his imagery, and all these matters are combined in an even lilt of line that gives to his lyrics a sweet tone and a suggestion of comfortable quietude. Though not very remarkable for originality, his one-act plays are, nevertheless, rather skillfully formed. They are mostly quite imaginative. Lyrics and nature poems, however, do not fill the scope of his literary endeavors, for Tagore is a well-known versatile writer.

It would be a mistake, to be sure, to rank Tagore with St. Francis, Thomas a Kempis, and William Blake. W. B. Yeats, however, has given him an equal ranking with these eminent personages. Perhaps Yeats was induced to make this comparison because Tagore's books sell as well as do the works of the outstanding mystics whose names have been mentioned. Of a fact, however, Tagore's mysticism reflects too much Hindu trash to allow the comparison as made by Yeats.

In his own country, Tagore's reputation is soundly established. Claude H. Williamson would "like to believe that this is not based on his Tupperian poems, but rather on the value of his short stories." In "Hungry Stones", for instance, there is a humor and a tenderness that is not noticeable in his other works. "Vision", relating the tragic incidents combined with the life of a blind wife, is a beautiful tale. In "Gitanjali" there is a changed atmosphere. The song-poems that make up this group mark a turning point in Tagore's career, quite as the drama, "Trojan Women" has done in the life of Euripedes, at least such is the opinion

of Professor Gilbert Murray. The surprising change in the author's mind as suggested in this work rests in the profuse and bold use of Christian thoughts. "Chitra", one of Tagore's early works, is beautifully poetic. The story it offers is culled from the enormous Hindu epic, the Mahabharata.

Tagore's philosophy! With this the Christian must stop. If we, as Christians, have found Tagore's poems pleasant reading; if we have delighted in the stories he tells about strange things in nature; if we are pleased with the glimpse he has given us into the enigmatic Hindu mind, we cannot, in spite of all these favors, say that we are pleased with his philosophy, for it is impossible that a Christian mind should find pleasure in the reasonings and details connected with the mere bunk of pagan animal worship. As an illustration of the content of Tagore's philosophy it will suffice to give the words of Kilmer, who says, "And then he teaches such a comfortable philosophy; just have a good time and love everybody, and at the end of your life your soul will migrate and migrate until finally it pops off into the infinite!" Well, easy stuff, indeed!

To the credit of Tagore, it must be observed, however, that his works are nearer to English-speaking people than are any other works in the vast complex of literature that his country has produced. In his stories and poems there are thoughts and images so beautifully expressed in charming English that they cannot fall short of giving a real treat and a rare delight to any reader. Tagore has come to be the medium through which Hindu culture and Western refinement have come to be linked together.

Roland Flinn, '29.

THE MASQUERADER

Bill Mason and Fred Durand sat staring at each other across their small room. The former was holding in one hand a telegram and in the other a letter. "Tell me, Fred, what am I going to do?"

"Do, Bill? Why, you will wire the old fossil that you are not coming."

"Now look here, Fred Durand, I can't do that. The 'mater' will raise a row, and I have to go carefully after that last scrape."

"Well then, wire Tom and call off the whole affair," suggested Fred.

"What! Not go up to lodge with the fellows?" objected Bill. "Say, that's too much."

"Well then I don't know what you can do; but it's a cinch you can't go to both places at one and the same time."

"Fred!" yelled Bill, of a sudden, "I have it. We are about the same build and we both have dark hair: you go to Aunt Jane's in my place. She'll never suspect the difference; she has not seen me since I was four years old. Now please help a friend in need.----I know you will do it. I shall wire her at once that I will be there with bells on, Tuesday, p. m."

With that purpose Bill hurried away, while Fred stood dumfounded. "Now what have I got myself into?" he wondered.

The next day at the railway station Fred, all ready to go, stood talking to his companion, while waiting for his train. "Bill, I know something is going to happen. This is a risky business and I shall be a bit surprised if we get away with it."

"Now Fred, there's no use worrying; they will never know the difference, or at least not soon enough to do any harm." The train had pulled in and the conductor called, "All aboard!"

"So long, William! If you read about me being in jail, don't neglect to bail me out. I hope you enjoy the hunt."

"Good-bye and good luck, Fred," returned Bill.

Some hours later Fred Durand alighted at the Grand Terminal in New York. He climbed into a taxicab and was driven to the house of Bill's aunt. He trembled with excitement as he rang the doorbell. "What if they discover this deception?" The door opened and a maid ushered him in. A minute later a feminine voice inquired from above, "Is that you, William?"

I suppose that's Bill's aunt," thought Fred, as he answered her, "Yes, Aunt Jane, it is I." He did not have the heart to say that he was Bill.

"Oh, I'm not Aunt Jane; I'm merely Grandma. Leave your things there and come right upstairs."

"Grandma?" thought Fred. "Who is she? Which Grandma? Suppose the old lady remembers Bill. Well, I have to make the best of it—so here goes. She'll think it funny if I don't hustle up there." Up the stairs he ran, and entered a cozy room in which a bright fire was burning.

The old lady came toward him. "Well, well, if it isn't William. But my, how you have grown. I was so sorry you were at school the last time we were at your mother's house. Your Aunt Jane will be here any minute now. She is out shopping."

Just then Fred heard someone below and then a voice: "Oh, mother, is our boy up there? I see his things here in the hall."

"Yes, I'm here Aunt Jane," answered Fred, as he ran downstairs to see her.

"Why, William, I never would have known you! We are so glad you came. Did you have a nice trip?"

"Indeed I did, Aunt Jane. New York is a wonderful city."

"Have you heard from your Mother lately, dear?"

"Oh—er—a no—not for several days," stammered Fred, in his uncertainty as to what he should say in answer to her question.

"I'll show you to your room and you can wash up; then we shall have dinner. Uncle Jim will be here at noon tomorrow. He has been visiting relatives in Boston and is bringing with him his niece, Miss Clara Lauder, who will be with us for a week or two."

This news meant an increase to Fred's worries. He began to wonder if Clara was acquainted with Bill, or if they had met recently. "If she knows Bill, I am sure to be found out," he thought.

The evening passed smoothly enough for every one but Fred, who was in agony of fear lest his supposed relatives should discover that he knew practically nothing about Bill's parents. The thought of the morrow bringing with it perhaps sharper eyes than those of Aunt Jane and of Grandma—those of Uncle Jim and Clara—served only to increase the uncomfortableness of Fred's position.

The next morning he thought it might be well for him to go for a stroll and see some of the city. At the same time he could make plans to keep out of Clara's sight as long as possible. Accordingly, he wandered toward the docks. Just as he reached the water front he heard a scream

and saw several small boys. They called to him excitedly. "Oh, mister," cried one of them. "Mike just fell in!"

Fred ran to the place where they were and looked down. Sure enough one little fellow had fallen into the water and was calling frantically for help. Without hesitation, Fred dived in and swam out to the struggling boy, but by the time he had a good hold on the boy, Fred realized that the receding tide had taken them out many yards. He put forth all his strength, but the tide and cold water were too much for him. After what seemed hours of freezing, he heard a voice which appeared to be coming from miles away: "Just keep up a little longer and we will soon be there"—then he lost consciousness. The next thing he knew he was in bed, and his own mother was sitting beside him.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, in his faint voice, "how did you get here—and where am I? What happened?"

"Why Fred dear, how do you feel?" inquired his mother.

"Oh, I feel all right; but what is it all about?"

"Oh, that's a long story," said the mother; "I will tell you all about it when you are stronger. For the present you must keep quiet and rest."

But Fred couldn't rest. There were too many things revolving in his mind. The one thought that seemed to dominate now was that of Clara. He was not wondering now how to keep out of her sight, but rather, since he was sure that the deception had been discovered, how he would be able to meet her.

The next day Clara was brought in to see him. When he saw that rather slender figure,

those dark eyes and hair he forgot all his troubles. Right away Clara and Fred became very intimate friends.

The same day, since Fred seemed to be feeling much better, his mother told him the story, as Aunt Jane, Grandma, and Clara sat near. "You know, dear, your father and I had planned to go to Florida."

"Why, yes, but I thought you had gone long ago," interrupted the son.

"Well at the last moment we decided to come to New York and go by boat, and as I wanted to see my old school-mate, Jane Mason, and her mother, I came ahead by a few days. I called Jane, and she said that her nephew, William Arnold was here ill with chills; but that I should come on anyway and visit her at her home for at least a while. Very soon after I got here she told me about your swimming in icy water to save the boy and how the exhaustion had developed acute ague. She happened to remark that your picture was in the paper for saving little Michael McCool. She got the paper to show it to me, and when I saw that picture I knew at once that it was not Bill Arnold, for I remembered him well from the time you brought him home with you for the week-end two years ago. I told Jane that it was not Bill Arnold's picture. She was very much surprised and said I surely was mistaken. I was so positive that it wasn't Bill that to convince me she asked the doctor if I might see you. He said that since you were getting along so well, it would be all right. Well, when I saw you it certainly was a shock, for I had not recognized you in that picture taken by the newspapermen when they brought you out of the water. That was yesterday morning. I wired

your father 'at once, and he will be here today. Now tell us your story. This event certainly needs some explanation”.

“Well—er—that is—you see, Bill Arnold had already made plans to go hunting and at the same time he hated to disappoint his aunt; and so I agreed to come in his place without letting any one be the wiser. That's all there is to it,” explained Fred.

“Well, I would call that enough,” commented his mother.

“Believe me,” continued the patient, “the next time Bill goes hunting,—not that I haven't had a good time,” he hastened to explain—“but I was scared to death that I would be found out. And so I am; but at least, I got my picture in the New York paper, and better than that I have met someone who is going to be more than a friend to me.”

Spalding Miles,' 30.

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body. As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated: by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished and confirmed.—Addison.

It is well for a man to respect his own vocation whatever it is, and to think himself bound to uphold it, and to claim for it the respect it deserves.—Charles Dickens.

FOOL OR GENIUS

The morning stars do not always sing in harmony at the dawn of a day which marks the eventful birth of a man of destiny. A combination of circumstances that is quite removed from the control of human powers may intervene to make a man of destiny a hero or a coward, a fool or a genius, a gentleman or a villain. Thus, if the augurers of ancient Rome had been asked to search the entrails of beasts, or to follow the flight of birds, in order to foretell on the day of his birth the kind of career that awaited Emperor Napoleon the Third of France, they probably would have found themselves puzzled by numerous confusing omens; and the hauruspices with horoscope in hand certainly would have found themselves amazed at the pranks played by the constellations on that occasion. Whether Napoleon the Third was to be fool or genius, stars, portents, omens, one and all refused to tell; hence it is an easy matter for historians to accuse the French people of making a double mistake: first, when they felt persuaded that their third emperor was a fool, and second, when, towards the close of his reign, they concluded that he must be a genius.

By examining the events of the third Napoleon's career as Emperor of France, it may be possible to strike a balance among them, and thus reach some definite conclusion regarding the fool-or-genius puzzle that holds enmeshed in a rather intricate tangle the chief incidents of his reign. Certain it is that his conduct bears all the earmarks of foolhardiness when he first made his debut in the eyes of the world. This sudden leaping into

the limelight of public notice occurred in 1836 when he unexpectedly appeared before Strassburg in the hope that he might turn the French garrison there against the government. France at that time was not prepared for an uprising against its citizen king, Louis Philippe, and Napoleon, the adventurer, was promptly arrested and banished to America.

His second attempt to gain political power was similar in nature to the fiasco that happened at Strassburg. It was in 1840 that France decided to bring the body of Napoleon the Great from its simple tomb on the island of St. Helena to Paris where a splendid mausoleum was in preparation to receive the remains of this, the greatest of French heroes. The great Napoleon was the uncle to Napoleon, the adventurer, and very promptly the latter hurried home from America with the intention to turn the outburst of enthusiasm that swept over France on that occasion to his own political advantage. This time he intrigued with the garrison stationed at Boulogne, but his movements were all so hurried and ill-timed that it soon became evident that he had lost his head. The whole foolish procedure ended in a second arrest with a sentence for life imprisonment. A great deal worse for him, however, than this sentence was the sentiment that declared Napoleon, the adventurer, to be the laughing stock of Europe.

To face discouragement boldly and to rise by the careful use of personal talents from a position of defeat and disgrace to a position of power and influence has at all times been regarded as a mark of genius. Can the quality of genius be denied to Napoleon, the adventurer, who never lost faith in his star, in his ultimate rise to power? He es-

caped from his imprisonment; the fact that he was regarded as the laughing stock of Europe did not dismay him. Very soon he was heard to say, "Though fortune has betrayed me twice, yet my destiny will surely be fulfilled, I wait." His waiting bore fruit in 1848.

The goddess of fortune may have her say-so in shaping the careers of many successful or unsuccessful men, but did she really have any share in shaping the career of Napoleon, the adventurer, who in the year of universal European revolution loomed large in the eyes of France as the man of destiny? Could nothing, save personal genius pave the way for this man to the presidency? Certainly, once power had come within his grasp, he knew, by carefully imitating the tactics of his Great Uncle, how to wield the Hercules club for the purpose of clearing the road before him. "The name of Napoleon," he announced during 1849, is in itself a program; it stands for order, authority, religion, and the welfare of the people in internal affairs, and in public affairs, for national dignity."

The steps to the imperial throne shone as beacon lights to guide the wary feet of the one-time adventurer; to mount them, genius alone could give safe direction. A 'coup d'etat' might be necessary in order to allow him to lay fingers on the imperial crown; well, the man of destiny struck, and the 'coup' worked like magic. Emperor he came to be and, that too, emperor of the most important country of all Europe. Events were now to prove how he would use the enormous power which fate had committed into his hands. From 1852 to 1870 the former 'laughing stock' of Europe was to be the most conspicuous man in the world.

Whether the Furies or Fates had set their

awful seal on the impassible face of the Great Adventurer was not the question; but it was the question, "Is he a man of genius?" He had reached the throne; he was known as Napoleon the Third; what would be his next step kept all Europe guessing. The old Duke of Wellington openly warned Queen Victoria, "The New Napoleon is in need of popularity. Heaven knows how far that will lead him!" The records of his day show how far the desire for popularity led him, though it did not lead him, as Wellington feared, into conflict with England. Was it genius or plain common sense that kept him from crossing swords with Britain? His Great Uncle at least was not sufficiently ingenious to avoid conflict with that country, and Waterloo brought him no popularity. Hence, the sweet paeans of popular applause had to be sought for elsewhere by Napoleon the Third. He looked for praise and found it in unexpected plenty in the Crimean War.

Matters related to the Crimean War were settled at the Congress that convened at Paris upon Napoleon's order. Nothing could be so surprising to the potentates of Europe or to their delegates than to see this august assemblage headed by a man who shortly before had been characterized as the laughing stock of Europe. Their surprise, however, soon grew into wonder at the genius displayed by him whom all had regarded as a mere soldier of fortune. From ridicule their sentiments now turned to admiration and flattery, and the Italian representative, Count Cavour, even began to intrigue with the Third Emperor of France to gain his favor and help in what Cavour called "The Making of Italy." Here a new chance grew out of a situation that was thoroughly peculiar in na-

true to show what Napoleonic genius could accomplish. The victories at Magenta and Solferino were the quick result of this intrigue. To them was added an increase of territory for France by the acquisition of Nice and Savoy. Was it really genius that triumphed?

But the third French Empire was much like the house that Jack built. It had all that belongs to a house excepting a foundation. Storms came and swept over the Elysee and left the works of supposed genius in ruins. The policies of the German Bismark proved veritable thunderbolts; Alexander the Second of Russia was in a huff because of French meddling with the Poles; the ghost of 1848 was again raising its head; the Mexican expedition proved a terrible failure, and Jules Ferry, an ardent democrat, pointedly remarked, "Every place is now full of explosives; a single spark will suffice." Napoleon, the former adventurer, looked on sadly. He saw affairs narrow down to a point where another stroke from the hand of the "Man of Destiny" would be necessary, but the Empress Eugenie wisely informed him saying, "You cannot have a 'coup d' etat' twice."

The climax of ruin was now not far distant. That Napoleon's imperial scepter had turned into a fool's bauble was only too well known to the unscrupulous genius, Count Bismark. The eventful year from 1870-71 made it difficult for all observers to decide whether the imperial scepter was more of a fool's bauble than was the head of the monarch who wielded it, or if both had equal claims to being fool's baubles. Certain it is that in the face of stern opposition, Napoleon's instincts failed him badly; and they failed him equally as much

in the face of shrewd and astute politic moves on the part of his enemies. If genius signifies a quality of mind that is undaunted by opposition, and that knows how to provide ways and means to escape from the toils of embarrassment, then Napoleon, the adventurer, cannot be credited with the possession of that quality.

That same impassibility of face and expressionless eye which had caused all France to distrust him in the early part of his career now proved the existence of that adventurous and foolhardy disposition in him of which they were at first judged to be the index. His empire, like the house that Jack built, fell clattering about his imperial ears because the skill and force of genius, which endures and dares until life itself is spent, were not on the side of him, the third Emperor of France, in proof of which fact it is not necessary to add anything besides the humble and submissive words in which he made his surrender to King William the First of Prussia: "Monsieur my brother: Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in the hands of your Majesty. I remain your Majesty's good brother, Napoleon."

C. Flynn, '29.

Success or failure in business is caused more by mental attitudes than by mental capacities.—Walter Dill Scott.

The first and best victory is to conquer self; to be conquered by self is, of all things, the most shameful and vile.—Plato.

SOLITUDE

O Solitude! O pensive Maid!
To you I come in leisure,
With you the Muses also staid
To taste the source of pleasure.

When led by you in somber space
To deep and silent thinking;
My soul resigns her worldly race
And in your arms lies sinking.

The wistful sweetness that I find
In thoughts from you deriving
So blissfully renews my mind
With love for earnest striving.

The truest joys and greatest things
Are found among your treasures,
So that my soul in fondness sings
O Solitude! your measures.

R. Neumeyer, '29

Drudgery is as necessary to call out the treasures of the mind as harrowing and planting those of the earth.—Margaret Fuller.

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.—Abraham Lincoln.

THE POET OF THE SWORD

Richly gifted, though sorely tried genius, Torquato Tasso has left to the world a wonderful epic which he named in his native Italian language, "Gerusalemme Liberata." By the suggestions that this title naturally awakens he hoped to set aglow the emotions of every true Christian heart. The struggle which this powerful epic celebrates took place during the First Crusade, when on the very soil that had been the battleground of Persians, Greeks and Romans, now the mediaeval Christians and Mohammedans clashed together their swords and scimiters for or against the interests of the land made holy by the footprints of the Son of God.

The chief facts of this historic struggle Tasso takes up in his great poem and enlivens them by his vivid imagination until they burn and throb with human interest and sympathy. Who would not admire the true Christian knight, Godfrey of Bouillon? Ascribing to him deeds that bespeak the highest honor and fame, Tasso has elevated him to a pinnacle of glory that may well have stirred from the very depths of the mediaeval human heart sentiments of esteem, love, and emulation. Never does the author allow his model knight, Godfrey, to sink to the commonplace. Virgil permits Aeneas to do so; even Homer thinks it suitable that his hero, Achilles, should stoop to trivialities. No such thought could enter the mind of Tasso. His hero, Godfrey, is always dignified.

Another character, scarcely less conspicuous than Godfrey, and that, too, one whom Tasso

pictures as an expert in wielding the sword of battle, is Rinaldo, a scion of the famous house of Este. Here is a true knight-errant all on fire with love for adventure. That he should engage in hot verbal duels with those who contradict him; that these verbal duels should lead to sword duels; that these sword duels should end in the killing of antagonists who were men even of his own camp and battalion is in every respect consistent with the physical and emotional constitution of the knight, Rinaldo. Of course a knight-errant must wander, for to be true to his calling he must seek adventure. Hence Rinaldo sets forth on long wanderings, and these migrations permit him to encounter experiences, such as are most dear to the heart of a bold and daring knight. Like Ulysses of old, who frees his companions from the enchantment of Circe, so Rinaldo finds occasion to set free an entire band of his fellow knights who have been caught in the snares of the wily sorceress, Armida, a Moham-medan maid of wondrous beauty. To be sure his keen sword had much to do with setting at liberty these unfortunate captives. It was a sword also that Ulysses used in cutting through the spell that Circe had cast over his companions. Now the remarkable thing in connection with these swords is the fact that they could be employed to protect and free others, but were of no use in safeguarding their owners from harm.

Like Ulysses, who falls a captive to Circe, so Rinaldo, after aiding his companions, falls a victim to the thralls of Armida. Both find that swords are no shields against the darts of Eros. But a knight must be up and doing; hence to save the characer of Rinaldo, Tasso allows him to be rescued from the thralls of love and causes him

to be reinstated in his former rank and honor with the result that, in the final assault upon the Holy City, Rinaldo wins enviable laurels.

A real charming personage is the historic character, Tancred. He is a type of the bold, yet courteous warrior. In battle Tancred is fearless; in love passionate; in affliction disconsolate. Naturally, since Tancred is a knight, he must, according to the notions of chivalry, fall in love with some maiden suitable to his position and character. For this purpose Tasso brings Tancred into conflict with an infidel heroine, Clorinda, who like an Amazon is fighting in battle on the side of the Mohammedans. It would have been unartistic and crude to attribute the same weakness in passion to Tancred that is so characteristic of Rinaldo, consequently he is permitted only to see Clorinda without ever securing a chance to enjoy her company. As a warrior maiden, Clorinda is in every respect worthy of the great hero who has come to love her, but the single occasion that came to them for the manifestation of mutual regard proved to be an unfortunate one.

In order to bring the episode concerning Tancred and Clorinda to a worthy close, Tasso in his epic causes them to come to a duel. Neither recognizes the other clearly in the furious fight in which they join. Tancred is victorious; Clorinda is slain. His triumphant joy soon turns to bitter sorrow as he recognizes in the dying opponent the very person for whose love he was ready to die. It may readily be imagined what dark gloom and deep despair settled upon his mind when he listened to Clorinda praying for baptism in the following words:

“Friend, thou hast won; I pardon thee, and O
Forgive thou me! I fear not for this clay,
But my dark soul—pray for it, and bestow
The sacred rite that laves all stains away.”

Because it afforded a variety of romance, the trio of heroes as here given excited much pleasure in the minds of readers in Tasso's day. Harsh critics, however, have made themselves heard in many invectives as they poured out their vials of wrath over the “Gerusalemme Liberata.” They claim that so many loves, often rather tenderly described, were profane, seductive, and derogatory to the grandeur of the enterprise and altogether unsuited to the gravity of the poem and to the sanctity of the argument. Tasso, however, could not be moved to eliminate the episodes which his critics branded as objectionable. He remained obstinate in his opinion that epic poems are the better the more they abound in ornaments, and to him the episode was always supremely pleasing.

At the close of his life, however, the things critics had said brought such grief and anxiety to the mind of Tasso, that like other literary geniuses, he requested that the “Gerusalemme” be committed to the flames. Long before his day other authors who had written grand works similarly sought to have them destroyed. Thus Virgil requested that his “Aeneid” be burned; Chaucer his “Canterbury Tales”; Boccaccio his “Decameron”. Fortunate, indeed, it is for the student of literature that these requests were not heeded.

After more than three and a half centuries, the world still acknowledges with unstinted praise the skill of Tasso in delineating characters, whether these be Christian or Pagan, men or women. His

well-defined plan; his polished and elegant phrases; the music and mechanism of his numbers have one and all proved to be delightful to readers. The world has correctly accorded to him the poet's laurel, an honor of which untimely death cruelly deprived him.

When compared with the finest gems of epic poetry, Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata" holds an enviable position. It far excels Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso" as well as the Spanish "Cid" and the French "Song of Roland". It may very justly be placed on a par with the great works of Homer, Virgil, and Dante.

O. Missler, '29.

Success without culture is like old-fashioned strawberry short cake without whipped cream. It has no flavor.—Lillian Eichler.

God gave man an upright countenance to survey the heavens, and to look upward to the stars.—Ovid.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding; no talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business.—Robert West.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

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EDITORIALS

Today, there is a need, as there has long been a need, for men in whom true scholarship is combined with the effective expression of the journalist or the orator. Many men who are authentic scholars lack the faculty of communicating their knowledge to those whom it will most benefit; while, on the other hand, many pseudo-scholars, dangerously uneducated in spite of their several college degrees, have a rare knack for putting their thoughts (or lack of thoughts) into telling and effective language. In order to combat this latter type, the world needs a number of real masters of knowledge. A real master of knowledge, as Dr.

Frank of the University of Wisconsin describes him, "is the scholar genius who combines the burrowing qualities of the mole, with the singing qualities of the lark, the man who is master alike of the science of research and the art of expression."

To a perhaps too-optimistic editor, a college publication—preferably the editor's own magazine—seems to offer rare possibilities for the development of the very men of whom Dr. Frank speaks. The editor of the Collegian is in the midst of a group of young men who are, or should be developing the burrowing quality of the mole; and for the success of his magazine, he hopes he is in the midst of young men who will be able to fill the Collegian with proof that they are developing the singing qualities of the lark.

Like in schools taken generally, so the students at Collegeville are given definite advantages in their task of learning how to become writers. Mental discipline is given them in liberal quantity, and the necessity of having a definite aim in writing is continuously set before them. These helps should go far towards preventing loose thinking and slovenly composition work, matters that are only too often salient characteristics of many modern writers.

Potential contributors to the Collegian—and that is what every student of St. Joseph's College should consider himself to be—should also entertain practical and definite ideals. Definiteness of purpose, the absence of which makes such a glaring void in much which at present is called literature, will, so the Collegian editor hopes, enable the students at St. Joseph's College to make some worthwhile contributions to collegiate literature.

It should be the ambition of every student

of this college to have at least one poem, essay, or short story published in the Collegian before he completes his college course. Do not be satisfied, however, with breaking into print locally. Every year the Catholic World, a most scholarly current magazine, has an undergraduate essay contest; the Catholic Press Association has created a fund to be distributed for outstanding literary accomplishments; Harpers, Scribner's, the Atlantic Monthly offer annual prizes for novels, biographies, or other works. Why shouldn't some of those prizes come to Collegeville?

It is a debatable question whether the renewal of an old friendship, or the discovery of a new friend is the greater pleasure. No matter how the question may be decided, however, most people will agree that both the renewal of an old friendship and the discovery of a new friend are among the most joyful experiences to be had in life. Since the editorial staff of the Collegian is passing through both of these experiences, we, the staff members, have much to make us happy.

Right now we are busy meeting again old friends among our advertisers and subscribers, and greeting new friends who but recently have become numbered among our subscribers and advertisers. We take pleasure in welcoming both our old and new friends to the Collegian of 1928-29.

Although business men are influenced often more through friendliness than by hard-headed business sagacity to advertise their wares in the Collegian, and, although the Collegian staff appreciates this attitude, nevertheless, as staff members, we shall try to demonstrate to business men that it

is well worthwhile to advertise in the Collegian. In order to make this statement consistent with fact, we do now, and shall always ask the readers of the Collegian very earnestly to patronize our advertisers on any and every occasion.

The friendly feeling of Collegian readers for our advertisers need not end with the readers' school days. In the future, when those who are now students return as alumni, they will be able to derive a great deal of pleasure from visits to former 'town-day' haunts—the show, the 'eatitoriums' (scenes of many happy soda-guzzlings), and the numerous stores which were former places of pilgrimage. There is much College tradition entwined about these staid old business houses.

A whispering campaign for Collegian advertisers isn't enough, they deserve a shouting campaign in favor of them. Prove to them, Collegevillians, that advertising in campus publications is effective advertising.

EXCHANGES

Another scholastic year has arrived bringing with it the breezy spirit of college life,—a kind of life that should in reality be radiant with vitality and vigor. Footballs float lazily across azure skies; coaches load down the unfortunate rookie with pet invectives, and mud-covered heroes of the gridiron battle savagely to retain their prestige.

All this, however, is only the exterior or shell of college activity and endeavor. Inside of the shell is waged the greatest struggle of all,—the struggle for mental achievement in the various

fields of art and science. Included in this struggle also is that of furthering the interest of College Journalism.

College Journalism is rapidly becoming a vital and important factor in the cultivation of literary habits. Classroom work and themes are useful, but if the promise of publication attaches to this work, how much more of an incentive is there not for the student to do his best, and, moreover, how much easier is it not for the writer to see his own weaknesses?

That the college magazine has a real educational value is a truth that has been demonstrated in numerous cases. It encourages good writing, and good writing, in turn, necessitates good thinking. What else could be the one great aim in education than just the matters mentioned here? Furthermore, the college magazine familiarizes members of the staff with the technique of editing, printing, circulating, and advertising,—all of which is aside from the required literary work connected with the magazine, but quite as essential. The alert editor and business manager will surely pick up much information about type face, ink, engraving, and paper, a knowledge that will prove valuable and serviceable for future times.

With these ideals in mind, we of the Collegian Staff enter upon our task with fresh alacrity to further the interest of College Journalism; and, having the enthusiasm and good will necessary to success, we shall labor to the end with honesty and energy to keep the Collegian just a little above the very high standard which was set by the members of the staff of last year.

One medium through which we hope to uphold

this standard is the Exchange Column. We hope to benefit by the criticism that our Exchanges give to the Collegian, and, in turn, we desire to extend what help we can give to the magazines and papers that exchange with the Collegian. We do not believe in giving prominence to either the good or bad points of a magazine simply because that magazine happens to criticise the Collegian favorably or unfavorably. Criticism, we believe should come from a kind heart and a clear head.

We shall not attempt to review here and now the commencement numbers of our Exchanges. Everyone who is in the least way familiar with college journals knows very well that whatever the standard of a college paper or magazine may have been throughout the year, its commencement number will surely eclipse all previous efforts made by that publication. "Finis coronat opus" may without stint or flattery be said of all. We heartily welcome back all our old friends, and we sincerely hope to establish friendship with many others whose fame has not as yet reached us.

Spalding Miles, '30.

Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today.—Franklin.

There is a chord in every heart that has a sigh in it if touched aright.—Ouida.

The cynic is one who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.—Oscar Wilde.

LIBRARY NOTES

From the Arabian Nights to Don Quixote, from Boccaccio to Chaucer, from Daniel Defoe to Rudyard Kipling, all the way down the incline of the ages, there is manifested by all peoples a delight and a longing for the events of human life, not only as portrayed in drama and poetry, but especially as rendered in prose through the medium of tales and novels.

Collections of stories were well known in classic times. In their beginning these collections comprised folklore, fairy stories, and the like, but about the time of Boccaccio they began to assume an air of reality. People could no longer be interested in the cloudland of fancy, they demanded solid and real happenings, incidents which came within the range of possibility. These collections, however, were as yet mere narratives; their chief interest lay in the story, not in the characters. Furthermore, these tales were usually a compound of such unreal and extravagant improbabilities that they would have delighted even Ariosto.

The question naturally arises as to who wrote the first authentic novel. Perhaps the earliest work that will answer, at least with some degree of exactness, to the present definition of a novel, is the "Cyropaedia" of Xenophon. This work clearly demonstrates that literature had its origin in popular experience, and that it was but an expression of popular life. More than that, the novel is history; for it is an artistic record of the predominant motive powers and incentives of man—his passions. Novelists, then, may be called historians insofar as they hold the mirror in which succeeding gen-

erations may perceive the characteristics of their ancestors. Hence, it may be concluded that the "Cyropaedia" is a priceless legacy to mankind, for in it are crystalized what were considered to be the ideal social principles in the days of Xenophon.

It is customary to date the origin of the English novel with the advent of "Pamela," the first romantic novel, for in this work the interest is more and more transferred from incident and adventure to the study and unfolding of character. "Robinson Crusoe" had appeared some decades before, but this work was simply a story of incident. For centuries, generations and generations had been laboring on the huge edifice of the English novel, building now here, now there, until at length, almost by accident, a spire,— "Pamela," was raised. The searching eye of literary predominance at once encouraged new activities on all sides in favor of the novel, and though people professed to admire the classical standards of Pope and his fellows, yet many of them secretly longed for sentiment, and the novel supplied it. Richardson and Fielding, although separated from the moderns by a gap of over two hundred years, wrote prose fiction that approximates the technique of modern novelists, and even appeals to modern readers.

There are fads in the array of thoughts, just as there are fads in corporeal coverings. It would be surely a bold undertaking to explain the causes in time-variations in the length of men's coats and the diameter of women's hats; so also, it would be quite difficult to account for the occasional predominance of certain literary forms. Human nature always remains the same; it is the fashion of expression that varies. In the six-

teenth century the drama and the sonnet were the oracles of expression, in the seventeenth the heroic couplet held a prominent place, and in the nineteenth the novel took precedence over every other form of popular literature. When any literary form is predominant, the majority of writers are compelled to use it if they wish to secure the two things that almost every writer looks forward to, namely, fame and opulence. If Pope were alive today, it cannot be doubted but that he would choose the field of the novel as an apt medium to deliver his message. His "Essay on Man" was as popular in his day as "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "The Forsythe Sage," "With the Night Mail," or "The Man Who Was Thursday" are today. Pope knew his market, and catered to it.

The popularity of the novel today may be called as much a curse as a blessing. One is often confronted with the question, "Where can I find a really good story?" Stories interesting and decent that could be classified as artistic novels are rarities. Many dexterous writers of the present age decorate their covers with very catchy titles, fill their books with a few incidents, and that is about the limit of their capabilities. They either write crassly realistic novels, or, better to say, none at all. In a word, they expatiate about nothing, and render the reader guilty of intellectual suicide. This, however, is but one side of the question. The novel is a modern Delphian oracle; it is consulted by everybody. So complete and searching has been the survey of social life by the novelists, that society today, with all its gradations and differences, could be reproduced from the pages of fiction.

Joseph Hageman, '29.

SOCIETIES

There prevails in every good student body a certain feeling of mutual friendship which adds zest and enthusiasm to all student activities. This feeling, traditionally known as "spirit", is essential in a boarding-school, since it is the element which leads to co-operation and instills into the heart of the student a sense of duty towards his fellows.

Among the various methods that are suitable in creating this necessary feature of a good boarding school, student activities stand out preeminently.

There are four well-organized societies at St. Joseph's, each of which is characterized by its enthusiasm. Interest is centered chiefly on the Columbian Literary Society, and on the Newman Club, because of the public and private entertainments given by these respective clubs, and because of the valuable experience they afford their members in the meritorious arts of expression, drama, and parliamentary law.

The largest enrollment of any society in the school is claimed by the Dwenger Mission Unit. By acquainting them with the doings both in home and foreign mission fields, this active society enkindles in its members the spark of missionary enthusiasm.

St. Joseph's would be incomplete, however, without the Raleigh Smoking Club, the local center of recreation, music, and general good times.

Owing, then, to the importance of the local societies in producing "spirit," and because of the

general interest taken in them, every issue of the Collegian will contain the special news of each of the above mentioned societies.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

On Sunday, September 16, the Rev. Moderator, I. J. Rapp, appointed Michael Walz chairman pro-tem to call the first meeting of the Columbian Literary Society to order. It was the first meeting of the present scholastic year. Upon the appointment of Cornelius Flynn as secretary pro-tem, the society proceeded to adjust business of the day. The most important business, of course, was the election of officers.

With a few timely words of advice, the Rev. Moderator reminded the members of the strict care that should be taken in selecting a capable staff of officers. Evidently his words were effective, for the society chose Henry Alig as its president. The other officers elected were: Wilfrid Druffel, vice-president; Othmar Missler, secretary; Louis Huffman, treasurer; Michael Walz, critic. Charles Baron, Cornelius Flynn, and John Wissert were chosen to constitute the executive committee. Those who received offices by appointment by the Rev. Moderator were: John Wissert and Raymond Guillozet, stage managers, and August Zumberge, marshal. That enthusiasm characterized this meeting is attested by the fact that a fourth ballot was necessary to decide the election of one of the officers.

The following Sunday, September 22, the Columbian Literary Society convened in the school auditorium for the installation of the new officers, and for the purpose of voting a large number of

applicants into the society. When finally the C. L. S. of '28-'29, with one of the largest assemblies in the history of the society, was seated in the proper order, the new officers were installed.

Henry Alig, the president delivered a spirited address, stressing the importance of enthusiasm in attaining that perfection at which the C. L. S. has always aimed. In a brief talk, Michael Walz, the critic, outlined the purpose of the critic's report at every meeting, and explained that the success of the C. L. S. hangs not by Fate's thread, but lies in the persistent pluck of the members of the society. A few words of congratulation to the officers, and of welcome to the new members were then added by the Rev. Moderator.

Of special interest at this meeting was the announcement that the first public program of this year would be presented on the evening of October 21, and not on the traditional eve of Columbus' Day.

NEWMAN CLUB

On Sunday morning, September 30th, the members of the Fourth Class were organized as the Newman Club for 1928-29. Bertrand Shenk presided over the meeting, with Warren Abrahamson as secretary pro-tem.

The Moderator, Rev. I. J. Rapp, spoke words of hearty welcome to the new assembly. Following his address, election of officers was held. Apparently, the sterling qualities of Rouleau Joubert as the Newman president can hardly be questioned since he was elected in a way never before witnessed in the Newman Club—by unanimous vote. Other officers elected were: Bela Szemetko, vice-

president; Cletus Kern, secretary; James Maloney, treasurer, and Warren Abrahamson, critic. Joseph Sheeran, Leonard Cross, and Edmund Binsfeld were chosen to constitute the executive board, while Francis Zarret received the office of marshal by appointment.

The Newman Club last year was claimed by many to be the most successful Newman Club in the history of the society. Rivalry, however, seems to be an incentive to success, and under the able guidance of their newly elected officers the "Columbians in the making" are determined to raise the Newman standard still higher than it was raised last year.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

Joseph Schill, vice-president of the Dwenger Mission Unit for '27-'28, called to order the initial meeting of the year on Saturday evening, September 29. The meeting was called primarily for the purpose of electing officers, but due to the large number of votes that had to be collected and counted, the task was not finished. Thomas Durkin was elected president of the society by a large majority. Michael Walz was chosen vice-president; and Bela Szemetko was elected secretary. Due to lack of time, the meeting adjourned before a treasurer could be elected.

To outdo their record of last year, the Dwengerites have a big task before them; but with their able president, and the other officers chosen, they go at their work with the greatest mutual confidence.

RALEIGH CLUB

In a dense blue fog of "Velvet" that rose from more than one hundred pipes, the Raleigh Smoking Club held its first meeting of the year on Sunday afternoon, September 23.

The first business which presented itself was the election of officers, and with the jolly Raleigh enthusiasm at its height, Arthur Reineck was proclaimed president of the club, with Paul Anzinger, secretary and Frank Rehberger, treasurer. By appointment of the Rev. Moderator, Joseph Herod and Raymond Guillozet became marshals of the club.

There was present at this meeting a host of candidates seeking admission to the Raleigh Club. After much debating and serious consideration, the vote of the club was by a narrow margin in favor of accepting them as members of the society, and a deafening cry of good-natured "Booh's" welcomed them to the royal ranks of the Raleigh Club.

The most interesting business of the meeting was a motion, made and seconded, that the club purchase a radio. This motion brought up for discussion a question that has been debated in vain for the last five years. After a fray of heated arguments, the chairman rendered his final verdict, "The Aye's have it."

A short address by the Rev. Moderator brought the meeting to a close.

Fear not that thy life shall come to an end, but rather fear that it shall never have a beginning.—Cardinal Newman.

ALUMNI NOTES

During his recent European tour, Father Koester had the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with two graduates of St. Joseph's who are completing their studies at the North American College in Rome. Father Koester spent several hours sightseeing at Munich, Germany, in company with Charles Boldrick, '25. At Rome, Father Koester met Paul Russell of the class of '27. Boldrick and Russell, both Kentuckians, appeared happy and in good health despite their separation from their beloved 'bluegrass state.'

James Quin, '25, of Gary, Indiana is now studying commerce at Notre Dame.

Leo Higi is connected with Ward Stilson, costume manufacturers at Anderson, Ind. Leo was prominent in dramatics during his student days.

Paul Higi, '25 is employed by the Delco-Remy Electrical Company, Anderson, Ind. Like his brother Leo, Paul stood high in the scholarship records of his class during his years at St. Joseph's.

Edward Glennon, '25, who is now a decorator and designer, is a successful builder of miniature ships for exhibitions. He is located at Gary, Ind.

Three former staff members of the Collegian, Joseph Hartmann, Cornelius Heringhaus, and Charles Magsam, all of the class of '28, have entered St. Gregory's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio. Other members of the class of '28, who are at St. Gregory's, are: Cyrille Lauer, Anthony Thoben, Joseph Shenk, Arthur Schmit, Ferdinand Evans, Joseph Stecker, and Joseph Norton. Robert Koch,

'28, former business manager of the Collegian, has entered Our Lady of the Lake Seminary, Cleveland, Ohio.

The editor of the 1927-28 Collegian, Casper Heimann, and Edward Siegman, exchange editor on the same staff, together with all the other community members of the class of '28 are continuing their studies at St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio.

The writer of this column would be very glad to hear from any of the Alumni. An occasional word from an alumnus, quoted in this column, often will bring back happy reminiscences to old acquaintances who eagerly scan these notes every month.

LOCALS

Recent visitors at the College were: the Rt. Rev. Samuel Alphonsus Stritch, D. D., Bishop of Toledo, Ohio; the Rev. Thomas Conroy of Fort Wayne, Ind.; the Rev. Lawrence Monahan, Lafayette, Ind.; the Rev. Leo Faurote, Wanatah, Ind.; the Rev. Edward Werling, Hartford City, Ind.; the Rev. Leo Pursley, Lafayette, Ind.; the Rev. Anthony Nadolny, Ege, Ind.; the Rev. James Fitzgerald, Oxford, Ind.; the Rev. Max. Walz, Toledo, Ohio; the Rev. Patrick Ahn, C. PP. S., Carthagen, Ohio; the Rev. Aloys. Copenolle, Earl Park, Ind.; the Rev. Chas. Seeberger, Hammond, Ind.; the Rev. Matthew Helmig, C. PP. S., Carthagen, Ohio; the Rev. Fred. Reinwand, Sheldon, Ind.; the Rev. Benedict Boebner, C. PP. S., Carthagen, Ohio; the Rev. Stanislaus Neiberg, C. PP. S., Rensselaer, Ind.

School reopened on Wednesday, September 12,

with a solemn High Mass celebrated by Rev. Edward Werling of Hartford City, Ind., assisted by Rev. Camillus Lutkemeier, C. PP. S., and Rev. Frederick Fehrenbacher, C. PP. S., deacon and sub-deacon respectively. This year's enrollment of students, well over three hundred, and one of the largest registrations in the history of the College, is ample proof of the growing appreciation of the sterling worth and exceptional educational opportunities offered by this institution.

The conventual High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Rector, Father Joseph B. Kenkel, C. PP. S. on the first Sunday following the opening of school. He took this opportunity to welcome both the old and new students to St. Joseph's. Father Kenkel, in an interesting talk, briefly outlined a schedule of mental, moral and physical activities for the students, which, if faithfully carried out, must of necessity lead to a successful school year.

It was three years ago that Bishop Stritch of Toledo promised a visit to St. Joseph's; and the hopes of the student body had almost vanished, when, on Tuesday noon, Sept. 18th, the distinguished visitor surprised them with his presence. Spending the greater part of the afternoon in obtaining his initial glimpse of St. Joseph's, he later warmly expressed his appreciation of the beautiful grounds and of the fine equipment of the college in his conversation with the various Fathers.

In the evening His Grace delivered an interesting lecture to the students, in which he sketched the life of the future priest, and stressed the need for those future priests to be learned, pious, pa-

tient, up-to-the-minute men. The Bishop's kindly words were like the advice of a father to his sons, and he convinced the students of the necessity of discipline and earnest study in a Catholic boarding-school because of the bitter struggle which the world has in store for the coming Catholic priest and layman. His wonderful array of historical references, spiced with benignant good humor, held the audience spell-bound until the very last moment of his speech.

The students attended the Bishop's Mass the following morning. Before leaving St. Joseph's the Bishop rendered a few well-chosen words of advice to the students of his diocese who are attending St. Joseph's College.

The desire of the inmates of St. Joseph's to have another visit from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Stritch cannot be expressed too ardently, for by his recent visit he has most thoroughly endeared himself to everybody at the college. The Rev. Rector aptly expressed the prevailing sentiment when he remarked that St. Joseph's was "not only highly pleased, but also highly honored to have the Rt. Rev. Bishop Stritch as a visitor."

Incidentally, the "free day" granted to the students by His Grace, judging from the opinions expressed, was a huge success. The students enjoyed it immensely, and sincerely denominated its donor a "good fellow", which is a title of great honor among college boys.

In accordance with an old St. Joe tradition, a free day was granted the students on September

17, the first Monday of the scholastic year. In the morning, hiking crews scampered over the neighboring country and in the afternoon the crowd enjoyed its first "town-day" of the year. A free day in the early part of the school year seems to have fine medicinal powers in curing those afflicted with that malignant malady commonly known as the blues.

Sunday evening, September 23, the students and faculty of St. Joseph's heard a lecture which they have anxiously awaited since last June—namely, Father M. B. Koester's personal account of his tour of Europe. In the class-room, Father Koester had often expressed his desire to visit Europe, and the students aware of his interest in history, realized that if his dreams would ever come true, he would surely leave nothing of historical interest in Europe unvisited. All St. Joseph's rejoiced with Father Koester last Spring when he was chosen as delegate of the American Province C. PP. S. to the convention of the Society of the Most Precious Blood in Rome.

The moment he appeared on the stage for his lecture, Father Koester was greeted with deafening applause. He responded by opening his address with his characteristic humor, and then in a lengthy but intensely interesting talk he gave a detailed description of practically every important place he visited in Europe, at the same time explaining the historical significance of the places visited.

Believe me, every man has his secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—Longfellow.

ATHLETICS

AN OUTLOOK FOR ST. JOE'S 1928 GRID SEASON.

Once again the jolly old king reigns supreme. Long live the king!

The king in question is none other than old King Football, who is again perched atop Collegeville's athletic throne. Yep, the stage is set for the opening of St. Joe's traditional football leagues. As the Collegian goes to press, five hefty squads are going through their paces daily,—drilling hard in an effort to be in tip-top shape when the lid is pried off the 1928 Senior League gridiron season. The Junior Leaguers are also rarin' to go, and judging from the great number of new faces among the youngsters, a banner year seems to be in store for the Juniors.

Owing to the fact that the initial issue of the Collegian goes to the press at an early date, we shall have to be content to limit this article to merely an outlook for the grid season of '28. Complete results of all the games, and the standings of the teams will appear in the following issues.

If pre-season dope means anything, the '28 Senior League campaign bids fair to excel all former seasons in interest and all-around pig-skin ability. The stronger teams of last year are all back almost intact, while the "also-rans" of 1927 have been strengthened considerably, either by the addition of newcomers, or by the development of the old stars in ability, experience, and weight. In view of these facts, it will not be surprising to see the old dope bucket receive many an upset during the coming season.

The champion Fifths, however,—better known

as the Fourths of last year,—seem to have more than an even chance to repeat their success. Despite the loss of such luminaries as Billinger, Herod, Huzvar, Otto, and Krupa from last year's eleven, the Fifth year outfit is going to be a hard nut to crack. It's a safe bet that the champs will not relinquish their title without a real battle. The Fifths are being coached by Joe Herod, flashy quarterback for the champs last year, who will not be in the lineup this season. Herod's absence from the backfield will be keenly felt, but Joe's excellent tutelage will make up, we believe, for his loss from the lineup. Jim Connor, fullback, was elected to captain the Fifths during the '28 season.

Two teams that will give the Fifths no little trouble in the pennant chase are the Sixths and the Fourths, while the greatly improved Thirds must also be seriously reckoned with. Little is known, however, concerning the strength of the Seconds.

The Sixths, with their last season's squad practically intact, are most probably the Fifth's greatest worry. With Dick Aubry guiding their destinies this year, the Sixths are sure to be a constant threat. Aubry knows his football from A to Z, and besides being an excellent coach, is a quarterback second to none in the league. Dick didn't play last year, but watch him and his Sixths this season!

The Fourths will probably be the most improved outfit in the league. Last season they showed promise of developing into a real pennant contender, and that promise, we believe, has been fulfilled. The Fourths have almost their entire crew back from last year,—heavier, more experienced, and more confident. Steve Tatar is coach-

ing the Fourths this season, and Steve's ability in this line is not to be denied.

"The fastest backfield in the league" is the just boast of the Thirds. Any one who saw that diminutive backfield, composed of Blommer, Modrijan, Wirtz, and Hoover, in action last season can entertain no doubt that the Thirds will bear close watching this year. Despite playing behind a light and inexperienced line last season, these pony backs at times literally ripped their much heftier opposition to ribbons. With the exception of Waple and Zureich, those linesmen are back again, improved in every respect, and this fighting combination of the Thirds will be hard to beat. Jack Blommer, quarterback and ball-toter de luxe, is captain of the Thirds this year, while the coaching duties are handled by Johnny Boerger, a newcomer from the football town of Springfield, Ohio. Wirtz is assisting Boerger in the coaching.

Every race usually has a "dark horse," and the Senior League of '28 is no exception. The newly-organized Seconds can justly lay claim to this title. The Seconds are being tutored by Joe Schill, a pigskin luminary of former league season at St. Joe. Joe has forsaken actual playing for a coaching job, and has an able assistant in "Heinie" Alig. The material from which Schill must mold his first-string eleven is, on the whole, light and inexperienced, for most of his proteges have graduated but recently from the Junior ranks. Several newcomers, however, have added power to the Seconds. We shall refrain from making any predictions concerning this "dark horse" aggregation at this writing, but we can rest assured that Schill will have an eleven with a "never-say-die" spirit out there on the gridiron, fighting their darndest"

from whistle to whistle. Youthful Steve Toth, an ex-Junior, is the new captain of the Seconds, while Fritz Kreiter is manager.

All in all, it is going to be a great season, and from present indications, it is anybody's pennant.

The complete Senior League schedule is as follows:—

1. Seconds vs Thirds
2. Sixths vs Fourths
3. Fifths vs Seconds
4. Thirds vs Sixths
5. Fourths vs Fifths
6. Sixths vs Seconds
7. Thirds vs Fifths
8. Fourths vs Seconds
9. Fifths vs Sixths
10. Fourths vs Thirds

Thanksgiving Day:—Annual College-High game.

Athletic managers appointed by Father Koenn for the school-year of 1928-'29 are as follows:—

Senior Athletic Manager, Robert Weis, '30

Junior Athletic Manager, Cletus Martin, '31

General Tennis Manager, Charles Spalding, '29

FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHERWISE

MAH CAHALINA HOME

Ah was bo'n in Cahalina, w'ere de whites' cotton
grows;
W'ere de sun am always shinin' an' it neber, neber
snows,
An' no mattah w'ere Ah wandah, no mattah w'ere
Ah roam,
Mah heart is eber longin' foh mah Cahalina home.

De boys in Cahalina are de han'somes' Ah've seen;
An' every girl is beautiful, an' gracefu' as a queen.
An' every dahky's busy—atillin' rich black loam;
An' everybody's happy in mah Cahalina home.

We dahkys used go fishin'—an' atakin' melons, too;
W'en we was pickaninnies, dats all we had to do.
We would eat dat watah-melon, lak a puppy eats a
bone
Cause we was awfu' happy in mah Cahalina home.

We would go to all de dances foh twenty miles
aroun';
An' we'd sing "Swing Low Sweet Chariot"; alyin'
on de groun'.
Oh, Ah've been de whole world ovah, but no mat-
tah w'ere Ah roam;
Mah heart is always yearnin' foh mah Cahalina
home.

Cornelius Flynn, '29.

First Neighbor: "What are you thrashing your little son for?"

Second Neighbor: "Well, he gets his report card tomorrow and I have to leave town tonight."

A city sportsman, while fishing in a little mountain brook in Kentucky, was very much annoyed at a rustic who persisted in sliding down the opposite hillside at irregular intervals. Finally the city chap shouted, "If you don't want me to fish here, why aren't you man enough to say so?"

"That's not it," replied the rustic. "That goldurn 'tater patch o' mine is got me buffaloed; that's the fourth time I've fell outen it this mornin'."

Cannibal King's Daughter: "Say, Pap, der ain't gwine to be no dinnah."

His Majesty: "How come dat, Liza?"

Black-eyed Beauty: "Cause the cook's done eloped wid 'm."

Izzie: "Und how goes it mit little Jacob, Ikie?"

Ikie: "Oi, not so goot. Last veek I gets 'im a job by der bank, but you know, Izzie, you can't work in a bank und bring home semples."

The interurban car was late that morning, and at every stop the passengers asked the reason as they paid their fares to the conductor. Finally, when for the forty 'leventh time, the usual question was put, the conductor wearily responded, "We ran over a cow."

"My was there a cow on the track?" asked the passenger.

"No," returned the conductor savagely. "We chased her up an alley."

Due to lack of interest, as well as to failure to meet the present tax demands, the Collegeville Municipal Golf Course has been leased to the North Campus Gridiron Association.

The stock exchange reports a phenomenal decrease in the local watermelon market as compared with the 1927 quotations of 200 per cent. We believe this deflation is due to the fact that the 1928 supply has greatly exceeded the demand.

WANTED: Strong, brave, colored boy to care for caged lion and wild gorilla or to act as night-watchman in graveyard. No previous experience necessary.

Boob: "I see that the courts say that the eight hour law is unconstitutional."

Weary: "Certainly, any hours of labor are against my constitution."

Wet: "The doctor told me to take Champagne for my appetite."

Dry: "Well, how did it work?"

Wet: "Well, I took it and the wine-merchant made me put it back again."

Spunk: "Do you agree wid Edison, dat work nebber hurt anybody?"

Bluff: "Well, speakin' fer meself, it nebber did me any harm."

Mother: "What is the matter, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Oh, I ate the square meal you told me to eat and now the corners hurt me."

Lady: "Your impudence amazes me. I infer by your nose that—"

Blurb: "Ah, madam, you do me great wrong. Don't judge me by my nose. My nose is simply a blush absorber."

"Carnation, yo' all sho' do remind me o' brown sugah."

"How's dat, black boy?"

"Yo's so sweet an' unrefined."

Rusty: "Ah, miss, I feel one of my fits coming on."

Miss: "Goodness, I hope you're not going to have it here?"

Rusty: "That's just wot I wants to see you about. For the small sum of a quarter I'll go somewhere else and have it."

"You say that you once were an actor? What might your favorite role be?"

"That with a hot sausage in the center."

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